

## Old Scobie

Slim Dusty

For a starter of description just to get the picture  
right  
Bowlegged, bold and lively, 5 foot 8 or 9 in height  
Of stocky build, complexion dark, his age slow on the  
rise  
A smiling face and light grey hair and pale blue  
western eyes.

A tough old stag he rolled his swag when itchy feet  
took over  
His place of birth? Well I dunno where the Mitchell  
grasses grow  
But I kinda get the notion as I carry on this ride  
It was somewhere in the sand hills near the channel  
country side

Oh he'll make your bloody hair stand up with something  
that occurred  
And so unrealistic that at first you doubt his word  
Every story is a boomer full of action, laughs and  
strength  
Why he'd stretch the Diamantina or the Cooper twice  
their length

For years he was a drover in the days of bells and  
packs  
From the Canning to the Murrnaji and down the  
Birdsville track  
He was reared on ribs and brisket; don't go in for  
fancy stuff  
And I guess that's just the reason he's so rugged hard  
and rough

[Spoken] yeah he's rough alright, like my guitar  
playin'

When he rides around the cattle restless nights as  
black as ink  
Summer nights or freezing winter Scobie loves a rum to  
drink  
Oh I'd like to have the money that he's spent on booze  
and games  
I could buy a cattle station and a brewery with the  
change

Half Australia's coloured stockmen, that's including  
women too  
Will remember this old codger when their boomerangs  
were new  
They rode through scrub and lignum where a dog could  
never bark  
Flushing out defiant mickies, missing none though it  
was dark

Yeah for years he was a drover in the days of bells and  
packs  
From the Canning to the Murrnaji and down the

Birdsville track

He was reared on ribs and brisket; don't go in for  
fancy stuff

And I guess that's just the reason he's so rugged hard  
and rough

[Spoken] Here I go again now, all these fancy guitars  
mmmmhmmmm

When he's drinking in the city townies grip the bar and  
laugh

He's a drover just delivered sand goannas all in calf  
And when he tells a tall one, it's Kosciusko high  
Then quickly change direction and almost make you cry

When the Southern Cross and diamond tail at night  
illuminate

I often think of Scobie waitin' outside heavens' gate  
With his saddlebag and quarpot and branding iron worn  
thin

Oh I'll bet he'll con St Peter and the old man lets him  
in.